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Address to Auld Scotland
by Robert Orr (Jr.)

My address to Auld Scotland,
The place of my birth
To the mountains and glens,
to that fair spot on earth
To the home of my childhood
on Gamoch's clear stream
Thy dear heath's hills
I oft see in my dreams.

I see Cock-ma-lane
that stands high on the moor
above old Elengarnach
whose walls have endured
The storms wreck of ages
the mosses piling round
and the river below
dashing thru Gamoch's burn.

The sauch and the reu an
the tree nod to the blast
as wave after wave
is hurrying past
and the shaws sing Bonnie
on Hawthorn and birch
tops, well I remember the
auld parish kirk.

O can I forget the house
I have stayed
and how oft on streamers O'
Gamoch I've played
and caught the wee (gutter) gull
that darted away
and hunted for nests O' the
robin and wren.

From Glasgow
9-4-70

Padlocks on barbed wire
Whispering along
Nethinks I can hear the
sweet murmuring along
as down these the banks north
the bridge 'toward I stand
where oft I have watched
the old water wheel

I see the bass tree
Close to the (Kumum?)
where bonnie sweet gewans
morning sunbeams would grow
The lock and her canon and
plantations are dense
~~and~~ here is our spot
if they are far away

There is now a spot
my heart can forget
where in youth I have stayed
or friends I have met
In the garden by the mill
when George and I were
and passed the we gowns
O my native land

Yes, I remember Auld Scotland
green braes
ye blue hills and thistles
I'll sing to you from
your woods and your streams
whose wild birds are
and bring to your ears
sweet notes of the spring

Will
you
at 7

Address to Auld Scotland
By Robert Orr

Kilbarnie the home where
my forefathers sleep
The home o' my childhood
across the blue deep
Auld Scotia in tears
I must bid you adieu
I love you so fondly
I'll still think of you

In sorrow I must bid adieu
to the past
To the scenes I still love
for my lot it is cast
In a far foreign clime
in a land they co' fine
But dearer by far
is Auld Scotia to me

From Glasgow
V. H.
1870